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**SUMMARY.**—**LITERATURE**—Poetry: The Falling Leaves, by Mrs. Leprohon.—Growing Old.—Lines of Du Perrier, from the French of Malherbe.—The Withered Leaf, from the French of Arnault.—**CANADA'S HISTORY**: Champlain on the Ottawa, by Francis Parkman.—**SCIENCE**: Leaves from Goese's Romance of Natural History, (continued).—**EDUCATION**: The Hearty Worker, by John Bruce, Esq., Inspector of Schools.—Essentials for a Successful Teacher.—**OFFICIAL NOTICES**: Appointments: School Commissioners.—Trustees of Dissident Schools.—Diplomas granted by Boards of Examiners.—Situation wanted.—**EDITORIAL**: The Council of Public Instruction.—Legal Decision.—The new Inspectors of Schools.—The Grammar Schools of Upper Canada.—The new Grammar School Act of 1865.—Progress of Grammar Schools.—Twenty-sixth Meeting of the Teachers' Association in connection with the Laval Normal School.—Report of the Superintendent of Education for Lower Canada for the year 1864 (concluded).—Extracts from the Reports of the Inspectors of Schools for 1861 and 1862. (continued).—**NOTICES OF BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS**—Inaugural: L'Histoire du Canada en tableaux.—Paton: O'Whirell—Jenkins: Canada's Thanksgiving.—Jacques-Cartier: Voyage de Jacques-Cartier au Canada en 1534.—Perrut: Mémoires sur les Sauvages de l'Amérique.—Fillion: Histoire de la Colonie Française en Canada, 2e volume.—L'ingefellow: Etangeline, traduction de Chs. Brunel.—Le Feuilleton.—Dagenais et Lemire: Gazette Médicale.—Toussaint: Traité d'Arithmétique.—Lafrance: Abrégé de grammaire française.—Schmoult: Direction pour la culture du tabac.—**MONTHLY SUMMARY**: Educational Intelligence.—Neecological Intelligence.—Scientific Intelligence.—Literary Intelligence.—Statistical Intelligence.

And, th, the long bright days,  
With hum of bee and bird's sweet song  
Trilled 'midst your shade, the whole day long,  
Nature's sweet hymn of praise.

Recalling freshness fled,  
And seeing now how low ye lie,  
Trampled in mire by passers-by,  
I mourn your beauty dead.

And, yet, why should I grieve?  
Ye did your part, gave beauty—cheer—  
Unto a season of the year,  
And now fair life ye leave.

E'en so, let us not mourn,  
When our life's changeful season past,  
Shall come that sentence stern, at last,  
"Dust to dust return."

## LITERATURE.

### POETRY.

(Written for the Journal of Education.)

#### THE FALLING LEAVES.

By Mrs. LEPROHON.

Oh fading, fallen leaves,  
Strewing each lonely forest dell,  
Our crowded city paths as well,  
Thickly as autumn sheaves.

Whilst rustling 'neath my feet,  
I think of ye in freshness green,  
In summer's glorious satin sheen,  
Giving shade—fragrance sweet.

When broke the summer dawn,  
Whilst flooded in that rosy light,  
Studded with diamond dew drops bright,  
How fair to look upon!

Fair too at evening hour,  
When silver moonbeams flick'ring played,  
Between, around, in light and shade,  
A soft, translucent shower.

#### GROWING OLD.

Touch us, oh, Time! with light hand as you pass,  
Tempt us to think it a loving caress;  
Tread on our hearts, too, with reverent care—  
Crush not the flowers of life blooming there;  
Furrow our foreheads with care if you will,  
But let youth linger within our hearts still.

'Mid dark tresses are fibres of gray—  
Silent reminders of life's fleeting day;  
And when we turn to the shadowy past,  
On its bright altars lay ashes and dust;  
All its fair idols are marked with decay—  
All its sweet pictures are faded away.

Sadly ye look for the friends of the past—  
They of strong heart and the beautiful trust;  
Some we find sleeping beneath sculptured stone;  
Some toiling wearily onward alone;  
Some thro' ambition grown heartless and cold,  
But one and all, save the dead, growing old.

Oft we grow weary in watching in vain  
O'er hopes that always but shadows remain;  
Weary of counting the joys that have died;  
Weary of leaving bright visions aside;  
Weary of taking but dross for pure gold;  
Weary, so weary, of hearts growing old.

Chase from us, Time, all shadowy fears;  
Lift from our lives the slow burden of years;  
Shadow our foreheads and silver our hair,  
But oh, shield our hearts from the furrows of care.  
Let not the heart e'er grow selfish or cold,  
And we shall no longer fear to grow old.